

BRANDON, MAN.

with dairy construction. He thought the prospects of the business were never brighter in Manitoba. He noted the change in business by the increase in number of creameries. He stated that the young children. He also promised the schools would teach chemistry in the same way and have a small number of experiments made possible with apparatus in every school in the country before long.

VIRGINIA FARMS Mild Climate, Cheap homes,
from Ammonia, 40 YEARS

POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

June than for the same month last year, and what is better but very few for time. All buyers put down the

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Northern Colony. Send for
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F. & C., 100 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

SWEET MUSIC.

THE MYTHOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF IT AND THE BEAUTIFUL FOLKLORE.

Uplifts the Soul—It is an Inexpressible
Something That Has a Far-Reach-
ing Influence Over the Listener—
Music and Patriotism.

The mythological origin of music is given in a beautiful poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, called a "Musical Instrument," which tells how music was made. Pan, we are told, was the creator of music. One day, by the edge of the river, Pan cut a reed—

"Seductive from the outside ring
He drew the pith, like the heart of man,
And notched the poor, dry empty thing
In holes as he sat by the river.
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in
the reed,
He blew in power by the river.
Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!"

It is a little difficult to define the term music. The dictionary explains it as a harmony of sounds; a noted cynic defines it as "all sounds, music is the least disagreeable." But these definitions do not satisfy us; they do not tell us what constitutes music. Byron says:

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
There's music in the gushing of a rill,
There's music in all things, if men had
ears,
Their earth is but the echo of the
spheres."

We all know that music is an inexpressible something that has a far-reaching influence, and seems to expand and uplift the soul above its immediate surroundings. Dryden shows admirably, in his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," in which he refers to the power of two musicians, in these lines:

"One raised a mortal to the skies,
The other drew an angel down."
Music plays on every emotion of the human heart, saying it as will. He who wrote "I care not who makes the laws of nature if I may make it," would not resist the power of music.

"It is like a silver thread," says a writer, "upon which beautiful beads are strung, when it appeals to the affections. It is like the hand of fate, from which no patriot can escape, when called for, in defense of his home and country."

It is with the folklore music we have to deal—that music which is understood and appreciated by the masses, musically uneducated, exerting over them a great influence. It is the old songs that have been cherished and handed down from generation to generation, and have the peculiar power of opening the flood gates of memory, causing kaleidoscopic views to pass before our eyes of scenes with which the songs are so intimately connected. It is this strange attribute that gives the wonderful power to simple folk songs.

Of all the million of songs that have been written in past ages how many exist today? Only a few are constantly attracting the public fancy, and a few are the power to hold it, and these few are only such songs that penetrate deep into the heart and take firm hold upon the emotions.

Among the many classes of folklore music there are two that stand in contrast—the national or patriotic songs that excite, encourage and spur on every man who has a spark of patriotism in his nature, and then those tender soothing songs that calm the excited and make the troubled forget their cares, carrying the mind back to thoughts of home, love and happiness.

One of the most important classes in folklore music is our familiar hymns. When we are in trouble, how we turn to these dear old songs—

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
—and—
Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

They show the weakness and dependence of human nature, and its faith and perfect confidence in the strength of Divine Love. Such songs can never lose their influence. They have soothed and comforted thousands of weary souls and will continue to do so as long as the world lasts.

The foolish little jingles of our childhood and the lullabies, crooned in a mother's sweet voice, are stored away in our sacred recess of our heart, and come back powerfully to our memories when our last moments, revealing plainly the wonderful influence of home folk songs.

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Immediately we are transported to Burns' native land, and before our eyes, among the gently paled lassies and lasses, early questioning:

"Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?"

The faint echo of a bagpipe can be heard in the distance—"The Campbells Are Coming." How it excites Scottish patriotism. It is said this song once saved a fort. The discouraged inmates were about to give up in despair, when a soldier began softly playing on his bagpipe, "The Campbells Are Coming." So instantaneous and arousing was the effect that the enemy was soon repulsed.

To the warm-hearted Irish "St. Patrick's Day" will set the pulses throbbing and every toe in rhythmic motion. To the heart of the German Arndt's song, "The Watch on the Rhine" makes the strongest appeal, and "The Marchioness" is most inspiring to the French.

The rate of growth of the Christians in China is more than double that of the population.

SINGS FOR PHONOGRAPHS.

A Chicago Man With Just the Right Kind of Voice Makes \$50 a Day.

Away on the extreme northwestern part of the city, near the Milwaukee Railroad tracks, Silas Leachman puts in four or five hours every day singing at the top of his lungs, though not a soul is in hearing but his wife.

When he gets tired of singing he varies the proceedings by preaching a negro sermon, or gives an imitation of an Irish wake, and altogether conducts himself in a way that would lead the neighbors to consider him a fit subject for a lunatic asylum—if there were any neighbors, but there are not.

This is the very reason Mr. Leachman chose the lonely spot for his residence. No one ever goes out there to hear him sing, and yet he is getting rich at it. He earns something over \$50 every day though he never sees one of his auditors. Mr. Leachman sings for phonographs, and as he has a monopoly of the business in the West, he is getting rich, and has even been heard to express a wish that he were twice.

He has better protection in his monopoly than a copyright, or an injunction, or unlimited legal talent could afford. Nature gave him the peculiar qualities that enable him to reproduce his voice perfectly on the wax cylinders. Hundreds of persons have attempted to break in on his profitable monopoly, but the results of their efforts put an effective stop to their attempts. And so Mr. Leachman goes on enjoying the monopoly and reaping the profits thereof.

There are four other men in the East that also do work for the phonograph, but while they have to have a man to play the piano while they sing, another to make the announcements, another to change the cylinders and a fourth to keep the machines in order, Mr. Leachman is the entire show in himself.

Formerly, he can give an unlimited number of imitations, while the other four men are limited to a few specialties each. Mr. Leachman is a natural mimic, and therein lies the secret of his success. He sings ballads, negro melodies and Irish, Chinese and Dutch ballads. He plays his own accompaniment on the piano and takes care of the machines. He prepares three records a day as the wax cylinders are called, at one time.

To do this, his phonographs are placed near the piano, with the horns at one side, facing away from the keyboard at an angle of 45 degrees. The horns have to be placed very carefully, for a fifth of an inch makes a great difference in the tone the cylinders will reproduce.

When the horns have been adjusted exactly right Mr. Leachman seats himself at the piano and turning his head away over his right shoulder, begins to sing as loud as he can, and it is sooty that he is a man of powerful physique, and has been practicing loud singing for four years. He has been doing this work until his throat has become calloused so that he no longer becomes exhausted after singing a short time.

As soon as he has finished one song he slips off the wax cylinders, puts on three fresh ones without leaving his seat, and as right on singing until a passing train compels him to stop for a short time. In the four years he has been in the business he has made nearly \$70,000 records. So great is the demand for them that he cannot fill his orders. It is such exceedingly hard work that he cannot sing more than four hours each day. He gets 50 cents for every cylinder he prepares. He has a repertoire of 120 pieces, and his work is put on the market under a score of names. He has a remarkable memory, and after once learning a complete list to stop for a short time. In the four years he has been in the business he has made nearly \$70,000 records. So great is the demand for them that he cannot fill his orders. It is such exceedingly hard work that he cannot sing more than four hours each day. He gets 50 cents for every cylinder he prepares. He has a repertoire of 120 pieces, and his work is put on the market under a score of names. He has a remarkable memory, and after once learning a complete list to stop for a short time.

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of cottons and other fabrics. If they should enter generally into the manufacture of textiles with cotton of their own cultivation they would effectively close the mills of Manchester, which have already been seriously crippled by the development of the industry in India, where the increase of spinners during the last ten years has been greater than in any other part of the world.

China is now the largest market for British and American cottons. We send to that country very little else except petroleum. Our exports last year (1894) were valued at \$5,598,488, of which \$2,884,320 were cotton cloths and \$2,414,168 petroleum. Our imports from China amounted to \$17,155,028, of which \$2,169,684 were silks, \$7,307,250 wool, \$697,637 cottoning and about \$1,000,000 worth of furs and skins.

Our exports to Japan were valued at \$3,926,815, of which \$2,224,247 was petroleum. Our imports from Japan amounted to \$19,421,522, of which over \$10,000,000 were silks and \$5,500,000 tea.

The exports of Great Britain to China in 1894 were valued at \$104,984,500, of which \$45,007,440 were cotton goods, \$4,119,565 woollens and worsteds, \$1,000,000 iron and \$1,353,860 cotton yarn. The imports from these countries into the United Kingdom were valued at \$30,098,500, of which \$19,270,715 was tea, \$4,789,500 silk, \$1,651,915 straw plaiting for hats and bonnets, and \$888,087 hemp. In 1892 Great Britain exported to Japan \$27,720,000 worth of merchandise, of which \$4,107,370 was cotton yarn, \$4,100,000 cotton goods, \$1,831,675 woollens and worsteds, and \$1,072,620 iron. The imports into Great Britain from Japan that year were valued at about \$5,000,000, of which \$300,435 was copper and \$750,000 tea.

The exports from Germany to China, Hong Kong and Macao in 1892 were valued at \$2,495,000, of which \$1,353,500 were machine and other goods, \$1,000,000 woollens cloths and \$905,500 needles. The imports into Germany from China were valued at \$2,880,000, of which chemicals, dyestuffs and drugs were valued at \$892,000, horse and other hair, including confectionery, \$245,350. The exports from Germany to Japan in 1892 were valued at \$4,545,000, of which wool and manufactures of wool were valued at \$1,572,000 and iron and its manufactures at \$927,000. The imports into Germany from Japan were valued at \$1,667,000, of which wool and manufactures of wool were valued at \$275,000 copper and its manufactures \$504,300 and groceries \$1,294,000.

France exported to China proper in 1892 only \$800,000 worth of merchandise, of which \$200,000 were cotton goods, \$100,000 woollens goods, \$100,000 silk goods and \$100,000 wines, and imported from China \$27,012,000 worth of merchandise, of which \$22,940,000 was raw silk, \$2,120,000 silk goods and \$239,000 tea. The same year she exported to Japan \$2,785,000 worth of merchandise, of which \$280,000 were woollen goods, \$1,200,000 iron and steel, \$1,200,000 wine, and received \$14,267,000 worth of goods, of which \$10,000,000 were raw silk, \$1,800,000 silk goods, \$280,000 decorated porcelain and \$290,000 rice.

The Chinese market for manufactured goods will never be much greater. The wants of the people are few, and it will be generations before they are educated to the need of luxuries. Therefore the demand for foreign merchandise will in no wise compensate for the competition they will offer. The opening of the country to manufacturers will occasion a temporary market for machinery, tools, railway construction material and supplies and improved agricultural implements, but the Chinese are such clever imitators that they will soon be able to supply themselves—Chicago Record.

A Woman's Age Secret.

In a case before a Paris court in which a popular actress had to appear as a witness, the judge seemed to have shown considerable diffidence about asking the lady, as he was in duty bound to, what was her age.

Evidently he considered that such a question put to a witness would be a direct intimation to perjury, so he asked her her age before she had been sworn.

"How old are you, Madame?" he said.

"After a little hesitation the lady owned to being twenty-nine years of age."

"And now that you have told the court your age," continued the gallant judge, "you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." —Pearson's Weekly.

To Talk It Over.

All the women's clubs in the East are invited to Saratoga in July to have a good time and talk it over. The Women's Association of Saratoga figures out a reduced and reduced railway fares and the hospitality of the place extended with free will are the inducements held out.

Admiralty blunders are not, says a Paris correspondent, a privilege of Great Britain alone. The French Minister of Marine, who at St. Pierre Miquelon, near Newfoundland, a stock of empty barrels which had contained land wine and salt water. The Colonial Government, not knowing what to do with these "empties," which were rotting and falling to pieces, asked that they might be removed. The Commissioner of the Minister of Marine ruled, however, that they must be sent to France. As no transport is to be found in the Newfoundland waters, it was necessary to charter a sailing vessel, the "Savon," which was on its way to St. Marks. The vessel landed the other day, its previous freight, a sum of \$100 being paid by the Admiralty to the owners. The barrels were sold by auction and fetched the sum of \$6.

At a Church Wedding.

She—The groom seems quite cool.
He—The bride is from Boston.—Life.

MAKING YOUR HAT.

PROCESS PRODUCES CORNS ON THE HANDS OF THE MAKER.

They Are a Sure Sign of the Trade—Hard Work in Close, Hot Rooms—The Process Which a Derby Goes Through.

If you see a man with half a dozen great corns on the back of his left hand you may safely ask him how many hats he finished during the previous day. For these corns, worn into the soft flesh by long handling of a hat block, are as distinctive of his calling as the calloused thumb of the sail maker, the weathered, yellow hands of the tanner or the worn trouser knees of the shoemaker.

There are hats and hats, and the manufacture of each variety is a distinct industry in itself. Derby or beaver hat making is nothing at all like silk hat making, even the materials being entirely different, and neither of the processes resemble slouch hat making. Besides these three, there are the ends, less varieties of caps and straw hats. But there is one thing in common—the process in use are still largely the same of the hands, although certain manufacturers are introducing machines which promise to revolutionize the entire manufacturing system.

The largest branch of hat making is the manufacture of stiff felt hats, or derbies. In the store room of one of the manufacturers there are thousands of hat bodies of every conceivable color and size. In appearance they resemble the Western sombrero, and they are covered with a rich coat of coloring. As soon as the workmen have strapped down for the day's work, the foreman of the blocking department "weighs out" a dozen hats to each of his men. They are carried into the low steaming-shop in light wooden racks and set along at a convenient distance from the benches which face the windows. Everything about the rooms seems to be in a litter—tools, racks, hats—but each workman knows where to lay his hands upon anything he wants, and he does it with a rapidity that is really astonishing.

The work is paid for by the piece, and the man who works the fastest makes the most money. For this reason the industry has drawn a most intelligent class of men and girls. Indeed any other kind would be unable to do the work, because it requires an artistic eye and a good judgment.

At a bench by the window stands a man. Watch him take one of the hat bodies to finish. First he softens it over a steam chest, then he sprays it through a grating in the middle of a little table and disappears into a great funnel-shaped chimney above. In order to keep it in shape while this process is going on, a hat block—a piece of wood just the shape of the desired style of hat—is inserted in the crown. It has a stubby handle, and the constant rubbing and rolling of the block edges against the workman's hand and produces a row of corns.

When the hat has been sufficiently softened, a damp piece of ticking is placed over the crown, and a flat iron held on the inside and heated by means of a combined air and gas jet, is passed over it until the felt has yielded itself to the general shape of the block inside. Then the cloth is quickly removed and the process of "pouncing" begins. "Pouncing" is a very good name—it fits the action exactly. The workman takes a small block, to which a piece of emery paper has been attached, and rubs the surface of the hat until little rolls of felt peel off and the hat becomes sleek and smooth. The hat is next singed over an alcohol lamp. Very much as a housewife would singe the turkey which she had just picked. Then there is more "pouncing," after which the whole surface of the crown and the brim—if the hat is light colored—is gently rubbed with vaseline to give it a deep, rich color.

The hat is now ready to go into the curling and setting department. This work is entirely different from that in the forming department, and many of the workmen can perform the operations in only one process.

The foreman taps the crown of the hat, and if it is not stiff enough he gives it a "winning" by painting it inside with a solution of shellac in alcohol. Then he places the hat, with the brim down, on the table before him. Up to this time the brim has been straight and round like that of a Quaker heaver, and he is now about to curl it according to the prevailing fashion. For this purpose he uses a "shackle," which is an ingenious little tool about four inches long. It is composed of two jaws of brass, the curves between which are exact counterparts of those to be imparted to the hat brim. The shackle is attached to a handle like that of a flat iron and when it has been heated the workman slips the hat brim, which has been first dampened so that it will not burn, between the jaws and it curls up beautifully into the shape demanded by the latest style card. It takes a good deal of care and experience to get this curve just right, even though there be a different shackle for each variety of hat.

Now the hat is loaded on a rack with 11 others and sent into a big, bright room, in which a dozen or more girls sit busy putting on the bands, the bows and the inside "leathers." In front of each girl there is a row of spools of thread, needles, ribbon, hat numbers, and along the edge of the table a little trough has been worn by the sticking of needles year after year. All the girls work with marvelous deftness and rapidity, some of them being able to finish as high as five dozen hats in a day. The hat goes back again, with a rim, then a down with a little flange. Then a hat block is placed in the crown and the hat is placed brim down on a long hollow bench covered with canvas cloth. This is heated by

means of a steam coil inside. Small bags of sand are placed around the hat brim and when it has become soft and flexible the brim is "set" by further "shackling" it and then snapping into the rim a wire bent to just the right shape and of just the right size.

Now the hat goes back to the girls' room to have the band sewed around the edge of the brim, after which it is ventilated by punching holes in the top or sides with a letter perforating press. The hats are now ready for the market.

The whole finishing process, including the necessary rests for drying, takes about three days. A hat can be finished in one day, but it is never as good as if it is given the necessary time.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.
The Paris Observatory Has Just Taken the Largest—New Features Discovered.

The observatory of Paris possesses a telescope by means of which photographs of celestial bodies of remarkable size and clearness can be taken.

By the aid of this great instrument the astronomers of the observatory have just taken a series of photographs of the moon's surface, which are said to be the largest ever obtained.

The value of lunar photography is very great to astronomers. Formerly they went to infinite trouble in sketching aspects of the moon, and two persons seldom produced drawings of the same thing which were not contradictory. The incessant changes in the moon's surface, caused by the rays of the sun, complicated the draughtsmen's task. The most detailed chart of the moon ever obtained was of a diameter of six feet. J. Schmidt, of the observatory of Athens, passed the years from 1840 to 1874 in completing it.

The photographic method alone gives indisputable results. No details escape, and the proofs obtained agree absolutely. The subsequent enlargement gives a photograph of about the same size as the largest charts of the moon made by hand.

M. Loewy, Ponsard and Le Marvan, of the Paris observatory, obtained these recent photographs. Some of the earliest work in celestial photography was done at the Lick observatory.

The photograph brings into view a number of peaks and craters not marked on the best charts, and will form part of a new, complete map of the moon's surface which it is proposed to make.

Complexities of Proof Reading.

Printers are beyond dispute eminently useful members of the community, but if it were not for the intervention of the lynx-eyed "proof reader," who corrects their work before it appears, they would publish many things neither true nor intelligible, and tending greatly to the mystification of the reading public.

Suppose, for example, you were to take up your paper, and, being in want of a horse, were to turn to the advertisement sheet; would you feel the mode inclined to fix on a certain horse because, amongst other conveniences, it contained "good carriage, gas and bash?"

The last word has an unattractive sound about it somehow, that, although perhaps not sufficient to deter a house-hunter from going to view it, would certainly not enhance the value of the house. The printer who set forth that a lady or gentleman might find a "quite comfortable home" at such and such an address, must have had an odd idea of comfort and a curious taste as regards human habitation.

What would be thought of the industry of a landlady who advertises for "mixed enjoyment?"

The lady who advertised, according to our friends in the composing room, for a sharp, lean, girl, must have had decided preferences respecting the personal appearance of her domestic, as well as regarding their capabilities, and so must another who, in doubtful grammar, according to the same authorities, advertised for "A general servant to assist in housework; good looking indispensable."

The bicycle that was advertised as being "all bearings," must have been an uncomfortable machine to ride on, and seven "pots" seem superfluous to a hansom.

Luckless toiler in suits, if left to the printers' mercies, who would think you to be a hard working washerwoman desirous of fixed employment?

The man who advertised that he wanted "hardening" two days in the week would justly be regarded as "soft," whereas the honest fellow in reality, doubtless, an industrious gardener, and only the proof-reader prevented it being published forth to the world that he was half baked!

The man who advertised for a "respectable boy," must have run through the list of human pleasures and grown pretty tired of things in general, and the young man who wanted to live "in a family where the French language is broken," would doubtless have had more numerous replies but for the proof reader, who altered the text to what he understood the world would be likely to wish really were.

The gentleman who was in search of lodgings, and, according to the compositor, was "outraged during the day," would scarcely have found many landladies hankering after his custom unless he was prepared to pay specially high terms.

These, then, are a few of the humorous renderings of eminently unamusing advertisements, which the proof reader has to hold back from the world, not because he does not appreciate humor, but from a stern sense of duty which compels him to nip in the bud these outbursts of erratic wit.

Why He Loved His Father.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?" Little Charlie— "I love papa most, Charlie's Mother—Wily, Charlie, I am surprised at you; I thought you loved me most, Charlie—Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together."

JUST SKAKES.

A blacksnake entered the old station house in Wilkes-Barre the other day and was killed by a volunteer St. Patrick.

The skeleton of a snake found among the timbers of the Diamond block, Youngstown, Ohio, the other day reveals the killing of a snake charmer in the building some years ago. The snake coiled, and this is supposed to be its skeleton.

A bunch of eleven rattlers was killed recently within two blocks of the Columbus, Ohio, postoffice.

An "epidemic" of snakes, as they call it locally, is eating up the gold fish in the Delaware, Ohio, cemetery.

The West Virginia lars, who have been somewhat overshadowed lately by those of Indiana, are trying to recover credit by tales of a snake boy living in Shepherdstown. He has scales all over his body, is sleepy in winter and likes to sleep after meals.

However, Indiana bravely responds with the tale of Chris, Lyman an old man of Indianapolis, who attributes his good health to his habit of wearing snakes in his hat.

When people cultivate the spirit of working for work's sake, and not for the wages to be got from it, the problem of the unemployed will be in the way to a solution.

NORTHERN - PACIFIC RY.

TIME CARD

Taking effect on Sunday, December 16th, 1894.

N. Bound	Stations.	S. Bound
Read up		Read down
Ex. No. 100	Ex. No. 100	Ex. No. 100
Ex. No. 100	Ex. No. 100	Ex. No

